

Improper Burial

Conducting From The Grave

Forsaken in past passages.
Told through the eyes of legends.
The seed of the one who has been cast down and spawned within t
his last hope.
From this view you can see the ash clouds and smell the village
rs' hair and skin melt away.
Follow the gravel road.
You can feel it grow within yourself.
Feel it spread, thickening.
Your clearest thought may betray you.
It's your death within a toll.
Clear the lands of this darkened shade.
Save yourself enriched in the clutched hands.
Its darling touch yes is very deceiving.
Beyond this village a stream to cleanse yourself.
But time, it clots your lifespan in every sacred second.
Time passes by.
Years have seemed not to correspond within their own interval.
Deteriorate fine young man.
Withered in death's time frame.
Capture the descent in departure.
You can feel it grow within yourself.
Feel it spread, thick